

The Twentieth Century is Canada's

— SIR WILFRID LAURIER



*Volet- W Naughton
% The Western Producer*

Saskatoon

A LITTLE JOURNEY
TO

Saskatoon

BY
ELBERT HUBBARD



THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, N. Y.

A Little Journey to Saskatoon

By Elbert Hubbard



Done into a Printed Book by The
Roycrofters, at their Shop, which is
in East Aurora, New York, mcmxiii

ROOPE FULLE
BOS " 9411 STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
1913

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A LITTLE JOURNEY TO SASKATOON



ONCE heard Canada described by a high-school sophomore as "that tract of land just opposite Buffalo, New York."

Mention Canada to most Americans, and delightful remembrances spring up of a good square meal at Saint Thomas, on the line of the Michigan

Central. ¶ "They little know of England who only England know," sings Rudyard Kipling. Also, they little know of the world who only the United States know.

If the Honorable Champ Clark had ever visited Canada he would not have made that indiscreet remark about annexation, which was taken seriously by a great political party and blazoned to the world as a sample of Yankee intent.

The average American is too busy with his own affairs, too thoroughly immersed in his own interests, to take a good look to the North.

When he thinks of the North, he thinks of Doctor Cook, and before his gaze spring visions of the Ananias Club. In order that the world shall not longer wander in Egyptian darkness concerning Canada, I want to set down a few facts.

¶ Mark Twain says, "Truth is such a precious article; let's all economize in its use!"

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Anyway, we grow as we give. So here goes—starting with a bromide: Canada occupies that part of the North American Continent exactly North of the territory owned and duly occupied by the United States of America.

Canada extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, a distance of, say, four thousand miles, East and West.

The Dominion of Canada covers 3,745,574 square miles. The United States, exclusive of Alaska, covers 3,026,789 square miles.

Canada has only one-tenth the population of the States; that is, the United States has ninety million, Canada has nine million.

It is estimated that one million of the people in Canada were born in the United States. There is a constant, steady influx of Americans into Western Canada, gradually increasing month by month.

The reason of this is easy to understand: Americans in Western Canada are making more money than they could make at home.

Their exodus has been no error in judgment. If it were otherwise, you would find a tide of Americans going back to the States. But this is not the case.

People who prophesy what Western Canada will be fifty years from now are bold to the point of rashness.

The men on the ground who have been here longest dare not make an estimate.

The growth of the country has exceeded the wildest dreams even of the railroad-promoter.

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Canada has a greater extent of wheat-producing land than the United States has; a greater grazing-ground; greater potential mineral wealth; greater development possibilities as yet untouched; greater potential electric water-power; greater fisheries, perhaps ten to one.

Ontario and Quebec will always be interesting, but not exciting. The future of Canada practically lies in the territory West and Northwest of Winnipeg.

The Northward March of Wheat

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six there was no wheat produced North of Saint Paul and Minneapolis.

When the first steamboat was carried across to the Red River of the North in parts—pieces put together—and sent up to Fort Gary, the idea was that there would be traffic for the boat, because Fort Gary had to be fed with supplies brought from the South.

The wheat-belt gradually moved North until it was discovered that wheat could be grown clear to Fort Gary, which is now the city of Winnipeg.

But now great crops of wheat, oats and flax are produced five hundred miles North of Winnipeg. Here is a tract of a thousand miles East and West, and five hundred miles North and South, where the soil is a black loam—practically the soil of Iowa and Illinois, evolved and produced by the same geologic conditions.

The mighty currents which once flowed over Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and the entire Mississippi Valley covered the territory North as far as Hudson Bay.

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Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have just as many hours of old Sol's beneficent rays as the people have in Wisconsin, this for the simple reason that as you go North the length of the Summer day increases. The season is short, but the days are long.

At Saskatoon they play baseball in the evening, calling the game at seven o'clock. You can read a newspaper on the veranda at ten o'clock at night, and at two-thirty in the morning the day dawns.

Nature is a great economist. Also, she is an opportunist, and where the season is short and the day is long, she improves the time.

Number One Hard

THE Missions of California were placed forty miles apart, from San Francisco to San Diego. Forty miles was a day's travel. Now the distance between stopping-places is a night's ride, as you sleep warmly, safely and securely in your Pullman.

From New York City you go to Buffalo in a night. From Buffalo to Chicago is a night's ride.

Nobody goes through Chicago. Everybody stops and spends a day there, at least. No trains pass through Chicago. Number One and Number Two not only hesitate, but absolutely stop.

You leave Chicago in a beautiful electric-lighted train in the evening and land at Saint Paul or Minneapolis in the morning.

In the evening you embark on another beautiful, complete,

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luxurious train, and reach Winnipeg in time for breakfast.

¶ No one goes through Winnipeg. Every one stops here. You might stop longer, if you could get hotel accommodations. But while Winnipeg has various beautiful hotels, they are filled until the walls bulge.

Business booms and bustles at Winnipeg. Skyscrapers go up over night. You remain away from Winnipeg six months, and when you come back you have to hire somebody to conduct you around the town.

The one thing that has made Winnipeg is Number One Hard

Wheat is the world's staple food-product. It is the one thing that has an intrinsic value—something which gold has not. Value lies in things that will sustain life. When you think of life-sustaining products, just put wheat down as the first item on the list.

Wheat was once a weed, growing wild in the mountains of India. It was carried down into the valleys, where the sunshine was warm and friendly. The soil was pulverized, water applied, and the happy weed bloomed and blossomed and produced six or ten kernels where there was only one before

“All wealth comes from labor applied to land,” says Adam Smith. We add one word, and say, all wealth comes from *intelligent* labor applied to land.

Wheat was first grown successfully as a business in the Valley of the Nile, where the water overflowed and not only irrigated, but fertilized the land.

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The story of Joseph and his brethren going down into Egypt in order to get food to fight off starvation is no fairy-tale. It is history, and tokens the struggle of the nations to live.

Then wheat was raised on the plains of Assyria, and the example of the Nile was repeated along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Civilization moved on to Greece, and wealth was computed in measures of wheat.

Rome ruled the world as long as she maintained a close and constant sympathy with the interests of the farmers. And when the farming-land was devastated and the agrarians grew sick and tired and despondent, the rule of Rome languished and the borders of the Empire contracted until population was driven in by the barbarians on the Eternal City, and starvation, pestilence and death followed.

Civilization moved on, and Constantinople, the city of Constantine, arose.

Little by little Europe increased in population, and always and forever the cities grew and prospered only in that territory where the wheat was brought to market.

Wheat-Producing Districts

FIFTY years ago the Genesee Valley, in New York, was the great wheat-producing district in America. The city of Rochester was called the "Flour City," because there at the Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch launched the unforgettable epigram, "Some things can be done as well as others," gristmills grew great grinding the grain up

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into flour and then sending it out and down the Erie Canal.

¶ The wheat district moved gradually to the West—Southern Michigan, Ohio, Indiana.

Then from Illinois the wheat-belt moved gradually North into Wisconsin. And by Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six it reached nearly to Saint Paul and Minneapolis, but not quite. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys were once great wheat-producers, but the land languished and now is being used for diversified farming.

A Grain of Wheat

¶ A GRAIN of wheat contains a wonderful intelligence. In its hard kernel life lies sleeping.

Wheat was used as the symbol of immortality by the Egyptians. They worshiped it as the token of life, and well they might, since it was the one thing that sustained life and made Egypt supreme in her day and generation.

The land that produces wheat holds the key to the situation. Wheat-raisers rule the world. If you have the thing that sustains life you are master of life itself.

When the Canadian Pacific reached Manitoba in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight, and Winnipeg became a market for wheat, it ceased to be a trading-post, and became a city. The C. P. R. carried the people out on to the prairies. They built homes, and tickled the soil with the plow that it might laugh a harvest. The land produced twenty, thirty, forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Of oats there grew forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, perhaps a hundred bushels to the acre.

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The C. P. R., heavily subsidized by the Government, given alternate sections of land across the Continent—the whole thing built at a venture and as a kind of gamble—soon found that it had a paying business.

And yet the railroadmen, who knew most about the country, never anticipated the extent to which this country would evolve.

Wheat was carried from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, the shipping-port on Lake Superior.

Here elevators were built and the grain stored, and ships with wooden bottoms carried the grain to tidewater.

Soon larger ships were demanded, and finally we got "whalebacks," which carried ten times as many bushels of wheat as the old-time wooden steamboats did.

The Transportation Problem

Ⓔ N May First, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, I saw the thrilling sight at Port Arthur of sixty steamships laden with wheat, starting Southward, as the ice broke up. If these ships had been placed end to end they would have measured four miles of solid iron and sheet steel.

They carried a cargo valued at twenty-seven million dollars.

¶ The railroads so far have not been able to carry the crop out of Canada during the time when the farmer wanted to ship. The wheat-producing country has grown faster than transportation facilities.

But if one wants to realize the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific, let him remember that the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific in Nineteen Hundred Three were eight

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million dollars. In Nineteen Hundred Twelve they were forty-five million dollars—and this figure does not include receipts derived from the sale of land and the natural increase in valuations.

In a single year the C. P. R. will be able to pay four per cent on its bonds and preferred stock and have a balance left of more than forty million dollars, for double-tracking, and making various other improvements.

For let it here be stated that it is the policy of the Canadian railroads to put back into the roads every dollar that is earned. Even the dividends paid come back, and more, too, because the roads are offering, from time to time, opportunities for its stockholders to reinvest.

The World's Most Valuable Asset

JUST here one might preach a little sermon to the lawmakers of the United States. There seems to be a general fear among politicians and the genus demagogue that some one individual will make too much money out of railroad-building and railroad-operating.

The fact is that so-called rich men are simply trustees. All they have, at best, is a life-lease on the property.

If these men are producing wealth—digging it out of the soil, cutting it out of the forest, fishing it out of the sea, digging it out of the mines, manufacturing it into forms of use and beauty—this wealth is the heritage of society. You will remember the question, "How much did the gentleman leave?" And the answer was, "All he had."

¶ The idea of curtailing the production of wealth through

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vexatious, hampering legislation is something that the United States of America has got to abandon as a financial and economic policy.

Canada knights her big businessmen; the United States indicts hers.

The Provincial policy of guaranteeing railroad bonds and thus securing a big influx of money is a very wise policy; and on this policy, practically, the prosperity of Western Canada has turned.

One can readily understand, on visiting this growing and evolving country, why Canada sustains a great sentimental regard for the mother country. Granting that the king is a mere figurehead, symboling the power of the British Empire, there is yet a very positive reason why Canada's heart should beat loyally and lovingly for Great Britain.

The mother land is true to her children. There is a continual tide of British gold coming into Western Canada. And while the country itself is producing vast wealth from the soil, say in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba—upwards of five hundred millions a year from the products of the grain-fields—yet British gold is helping build these marvelous cities, extending from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

Business is now based on friendship, and the most valuable asset in the world is good-will.

It is necessary that Canada should have the good-will of the mother country; and Canada, without thinking it out, perhaps, or analyzing it, is true to her instincts, and is carefully guarding her national credit.

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She is adding to her good-will. And so here come British investors making permanent investments, which are bound to bring them returns on their money, with ample security, and dividends beyond the dreams of avarice.

The Cities of the North

IN twenty-five years from now, Winnipeg will have a population of a million people.

The cities of Saskatoon, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary—all prosperous, growing municipalities, each ministering to a vast territory—will have populations varying, say, from a hundred thousand to five hundred thousand — —

These estimates are conservative, and are based on the rate of growth in the Middle States, say Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Colorado.

Fold the map of Canada back on the States and you will find that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will take in all of the States mentioned, and more. And the rate of production of wealth plowed from these prairies of Western Canada is fully equal to the rate of production in the past from the farming districts in the sections just enumerated.

The Basis of Prosperity

IT is not necessary that Western Canada shall increase in the same ratio that she has in the past ten years to meet this prophecy, but her power to produce food forms a basis for prosperity that can not be discredited.

Less than fifteen per cent of the arable land in Alberta,

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Saskatchewan and Manitoba is under cultivation; yet sufficient wealth is now being produced to give every man, woman and child in this district an annual income of five hundred dollars, or, say, two thousand dollars per annum per family. In New York State the average income per family is under six hundred dollars.

The Real-Estate Boomer

WHEAT-GROWING has been likened to placer-mining. It gets the gold that is on top of the ground.

For ten years the C. P. R. sold land at the fixed rate of three dollars and fifty cents an acre, and five dollars for specially selected quarter-sections.

Land that was sold at these prices eight years ago, say in the vicinity of Saskatoon, is now worth, for farming purposes, anywhere from forty to seventy-five dollars an acre.

Now just a word of warning. For while it is a fact that Canada is immensely prosperous, and that the great fertility of soil and the right conditions have evolved wealth, yet at the same time there is no place in the world where you can make foolish investments with a greater degree of ease than you can here.

Western Canada affords the real-estate boomer his paradise. He is laying out town lots in every direction, staking out the prairie, and he will continue to stake out just as far as buyers will go.

Most of these real-estate boomers are Yankees—some of them Damyankees. Granting that all of them are honest in their hopes and expectations, yet it is a fact that men are

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ever prejudiced in the direction of their own interests. The boomer has his use up to a certain point. What that point is, has not yet been decided.

If you are going to buy real estate in Canada, deal with a man you know, or make sure by going and seeing the property yourself before putting a dollar into it.

Town-sites, ports, terminals, are mostly too good to be true :- :-

A bellhop may give out the information that the Grand Trunk Pacific is going to lay out a town and build car-shops at a certain place. A boomer picks up the information, passes it along, and it is published to the world as a fact :- :-

The plot looks very beautiful on paper; but the acutal fact that certain men have bought land for five dollars an acre and sold it in a year at a thousand dollars an acre does n't prove that you can do the same. Such financial deals are the exception, and are taken care of by men on the spot.

Long-distance buyers are apt to get absent treatment :- This is no criticism on Canada. It is n't even a comment on the prosperity of Western Canada. It is a comment on the high hopes, the exuberance, the effervescence of the real-estate boomer and humanity in general.

Punch's advice to the man about to wed will fitly apply to the individual who sends his money into a country that he has never seen, and to men whom he has never met :- :-

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Some Specimen Bricks: Fred Engen

HAVING thus given due warning concerning the necessity of keeping one's feet on the ground, although your head may be in the sky, I wish to tell the simple truth, without varnish or hand polish, of one Canadian city that I visited.

In August, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, five Englishmen, representing a financial syndicate in London, come over to visit the city of Saskatoon.

They were introduced by a committee of local businessmen.

These Englishmen were loaning money to the municipality for the building of street-railways, putting in a water-supply, taking care of sewerage, supplying electric lights. While in Saskatoon, they were taken out to the farm of my old friend Fred Engen, who came here eight years ago from the Dakotas.

Fred had been a homesteader, one of those freckled, fair-haired Scandinavians, born in Norway, North of the Arctic Circle. When four years old he induced his parents to migrate. They came over steerage, their chief assets being a generous brood of youngsters, of which Fred was one, but who made noise enough for several.

Fred became a farmhand in Dakota. He saved enough money to land him in Saskatoon, where he heard that men who could hitch up and drive six horses could get forty dollars a month and board.

Instead of getting a job he took up a homestead of one hundred sixty acres. He ran in debt for seed and agri-

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cultural implements. The next year he raised ninety acres of wheat at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre, and sold it at seventy-two cents a bushel.

With the money he bought land at five dollars an acre. He became the owner of two thousand acres. He owns this land now. It is one of the fairest farms I ever saw—just about three miles out of the beautiful, restless, growing city of Saskatoon.

And so to this farm of Fred Engen the merry Englishmen were taken, a year ago.

The wheat was just ripening, waving, yellow and lustrous, kissed by the Autumn sun.

The Englishmen had never seen such a sight. Fred Engen had a tractor pulling five self-binders. This tractor walked across the fair acres, cutting a swath forty feet wide.

"Do you call this much of a farm?" asked Fred, as he struck a match on the seat of his overalls.

And the Englishmen said, "We certainly do."

"Well," said Fred, "this is just Mrs. Engen's garden-patch—simply a place where she raises stuff for the family, and from which she carries butter and eggs into town when she wants clothes for the children. If you want to see a farm, you should go over to the Goose Lake district, where I have a sure-enough."

And so the Englishmen stayed over a day, and the next morning two automobiles lined up in front of the King George Hotel at Saskatoon, and they started for the Goose Lake district, a hundred miles away.

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This Goose Lake country Engen had discovered six years before, while riding over it on horseback, and he at once entered into negotiations with the Government and the railroad-company and secured fourteen thousand acres at a cost of something like three dollars an acre, paying what he could, the rest on mortgage, payable in twenty years' time.

At that time the railroad did not run through the district. Engen, however, with prophetic eye, saw the future, but not as big a future as it turned out to be.

The business of the automobile is to annihilate distance. These prairie roads are natural trails which form an ideal automobile-track. You can run thirty miles an hour with perfect safety. There is just enough resiliency in the ground to get a good hold for the rubber and to make your tires last. I know of no track in the world with less jar and jolt and friction than these natural trails that Saskatchewan possesses. A hundred miles before dinner—sure, Terese, sure—dead easy! —

Fred had telephoned ahead to his foreman to have a good prairie-chicken dinner for the Englishmen. This meant one whole prairie-chicken on every plate. And for those who did n't exactly care for prairie-chicken there was a wild duck, roasted whole.

For be it known that this is a land of small game—prairie-chickens, wild ducks, wild geese, cranes and rabbits galore.

¶ The party brought up at Fred Engen's ranch at eleven-fifteen o'clock.

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Out across the prairie, half a mile away, they saw a sight such as they had never seen before. Eight traction-engines, one behind another diagonally, each pulling five self-binders a straight run of a mile across the prairie before a turn was made, and the wheat was ready to thresh out, revealing a yield of thirty-six bushels to the acre.

Then close at hand were oats, showing a yield of sixty bushels an acre.

Just to add to the interest of the occasion, Fred had started a threshing-machine going so as to show up the yield. The grain was being cut, harvested, sacked.

After dinner the visitors went out again to see the machines turning out the golden grain.

Fred explained to them that if it were necessary he could run the reaping-machines until eleven o'clock at night; then take a lay-off of three hours, and start again at two o'clock in the morning, when daylight came looming up and jocund day stood tiptoe on the wheat-fields, and the prairie-fowls strutted and boomed a welcome.

These Englishmen gathered in a knot, and talked in undertone, "You know, by Jove, really, old chappie, I si, wonderful, marvelous, really!"

Then they separated and walked in twos.

Then they talked with Fred Engen.

This was no matter of boast and brag. There was the land; there was the grain; there were the traction-engines; there were the reapers; there was the threshing-machine, and there were the sacks piled on the wagons.

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And the railroad ran right through the farm. Then the Englishmen got together and talked some more. Then they said to Fred, "What will you take for the fourteen thousand acres, you know?"

"Well," said Fred, "I don't want to sell it all. I have got to have a place to live. But I'll sell you ten sections at sixty dollars an acre."

The Englishmen walked off fifty yards and entered into confidences. Soon they came back and said to Fred Engen, "Let's go over to the ranch-house and have a cup of tea, you know, and some marmalade and toast, and we'll draw you a check for the first payment."

And so they went over to the ranch-house, and the Japanese cook made them toast and tea, and these Englishmen drew a draft on London for fifteen thousand pounds, as advance payment, and to them the title of the property in due time passed, on a total payment of three hundred eighty-four thousand dollars.

The total cost of the property to Fred Engen was less than thirty thousand dollars, including improvements.

These Englishmen made no mistake in their purchase. They were representing a syndicate of capitalists who had money to invest. They will clean up and pay for the entire tract within five years' time, and have a surplus beside—this as a straight business deal. If they build a town on the property, of course no one then can say how much their profits will be.

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The City of Saskatoon

SASKATOON is a city of thirty thousand people—a city without a pauper—a town of tireless workers! The pioneer of old was a whipped-out party who left home because he could not stand competition. The men you meet in Western Canada are the opposite type.

The reason of the evolution of Saskatoon seems to have turned on the fact that here a little company of strong men have worked together. It is a beehive, with one animating purpose, and that the success of Saskatoon.

The Saskatoon Spirit accounts for Saskatoon.

Ten years ago Saskatoon had a population of one hundred thirteen. Now it has thirty thousand.

Saskatoon has sixteen banks. It has three railroads.

Saskatoon is halfway between Winnipeg and Edmonton—a night's ride from either place. For five hundred miles in every direction the land is rich black loam, mingled with just enough sand to keep it mellow.

Saskatoon is in the exact geographical center of the arable land of Saskatchewan Province.

I visited Saskatoon, on invitation of my old college chum, Harold M. Weir—all-round cosmopolitan and citizen of the world, plus.

Harold was born in Australia; spent his boyhood in California; went to college in England; studied art in France; circled the globe for English investors; has been connected with big and successful enterprises in the States, and has the confidence of the financial world.

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His father was Colonel John Weir, President of the Nevada and Utah Mining and Smelting Company. Harold is the worthy son of a worthy father, who went down gloriously on the *Titanic*, dying like a gentleman.

Harold organized the Industrial League for the Promotion of Saskatoon enterprises. It is a Civic League, and its quality is revealed when I tell you that under Weir's persuasive personality the citizens of Saskatoon subscribed a million dollars within four and a half days for bringing here manufacturing and commercial enterprises.

Cities are only possible where they minister to the needs of a great agricultural district. We get our wealth out of the soil

Saskatoon is the natural distributing-point for seventeen thousand square miles of richly producing farmland.

Saskatoon is situated on the Saskatchewan River. Unlike most prairie towns, here is a diversity of scene that lends surpassing beauty to this growing young city.

The Saskatchewan is a rapid-running river with high banks on one side, and on the other, stretching away for miles, is a great, happy, smiling, undulating plain.

On this high upland, diversified with its hills and valleys, is situated most of the city of Saskatoon. No flood can ever reach it, and no financial blizzard blow it away.

Here are railway-terminals, great railroad-shops, employing upward of five thousand men. Here are grist-mills, lumber-mills; the chief Western plant of the Quaker Oats Company; shops, stores, factories, and more than two

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hundred concerns dealing in a wholesale way in the necessities of life.

Saskatoon ranks third as the greatest distributing-point for agricultural implements on the North American Continent. No city in Canada does so large a business in agricultural implements as does Saskatoon.

Here are big warehouses, built and owned by the International Harvester Company, the Fairbanks-Morse Company, the John Deere Plow Company, and by various other manufacturers of agricultural implements and appliances.

☞ I saw the goodly sight of a trainload of thirty-nine flat cars, each carrying a traction-engine.

In Saskatoon are owned more than seven hundred automobiles ☞ ☞

The city, although only ten years of age, has gotten past the shanty stage. Brick, stone, concrete, steel, are the materials used in the construction of its houses.

The Fire Department is equipped with motor vehicles ☞

The pavements cover forty-two miles of cement. There are upwards of five hundred cluster tungsten electric lights, fifteen modern hotels, and on the banks of the river, overlooking the city, are the Saskatchewan Provincial University and the Saskatchewan Agricultural College. Upwards of two million dollars have already been spent on these buildings ☞ ☞

The College Farm covers an area of thirteen hundred acres. And most beautiful of all, the entire spirit of this University and Agricultural College is to train and fit young men and

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women for actual workaday life. The New Education, the education for usefulness, has arrived.

Scientific farming, scientific stock-raising, domestic science and economics of every kind and nature are here taught as they are taught, say, at Cornell, Ames and Manhattan.

Public Spirit

SASKATOON has built on the basic bedrock of common-sense. The big men here are graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. They know everything that will not work

For instance, the natural thing would be to run the sewage into the river, because there is a perfect gravitation. Instead of this, the sewage is taken care of by a disposal-plant, and the waters of the beautiful Saskatchewan are left unpolluted.

Then there are depressed streets, so that at the principal thoroughfares there are no grade-crossings. The streets either run over the railroads or under them.

Saskatoon has a friendliness and a degree of order, decency, thrift, courtesy, kindness and deliberation which one does not expect to see in what is usually regarded as a "pioneer country."

The great Cairns Department-Store, standing four sides solid to the wind and sun, is flooded with light from every side, fitted entirely with brand-new fixtures. Here the stock is all new, bright, clean, fresh, everything old being cleaned out at some price or any price after sixty days, mirroring the stability and giving a keynote to the entire city

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The Cairns Store is headquarters for every newcomer. The man arriving in Saskatoon finds himself among friends.

❶ The promoter who overstates and can not back up his proposition with a guarantee has been eliminated.

The man who invests in Saskatoon must feel that he is on safe footing and is investing with men whose interests are his. These people are here to stay. The buildings they are now building will be here long after their builders have

turned to dust. All the money they make goes back into Saskatoon. What did Fred Engen do with that three hundred twenty-five thousand dollars those Englishmen paid him? I'll tell you: he deposited it in Saskatoon banks.

I was delighted to see that the railroads have faith in the country. In all of the big towns and cities in Canada you will find that the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk are building hotels and business blocks after the most improved modern standards.

The principal men of Saskatoon came here as homesteaders—that is, farmers. As luck would have it, they located in the right place. Call it good judgment, if you prefer, but time and chance still hold their place in life just as they did in the days of Ecclesiastes.

Charles H. Wentz

AMONG typical successes at Saskatoon must be counted Charles H. Wentz—German by birth, born in North Dakota, gravitated to Saskatoon in Nineteen Hundred Three, and settled on a homestead claim.

Wentz started in business accidentally. There was no

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lumber in Saskatoon, and so Wentz wrote to a friend in Minneapolis to ship him on lumber to build a shanty. It was a plain touch!

The friend turned the order over to a Weisheimer lumber-dealer, who stuffed the order and shipped two carloads, which was about four times as much stuff as Wentz required—and a deal more than he could pay for.

In any event, the lumber duly arrived, and Wentz got busy building his shanty. He could n't use all the lumber, so he sold what he did not need to his neighbors.

He remitted for the lumber, and got his shanty for nothing.

¶ Straightway he used the wires, ordering out three more carloads—and behold, he was launched in the lumber business before he knew it.

His lumber-yard accidentally was located right in the center of Saskatoon. However, he did n't know this for two years. The land that cost him a few thousand dollars, he divided up into building-lots and sold at the tidy sum of two hundred fifty thousand dollars. By this time Wentz had arranged to take the entire product of several sawmills.

¶ Wentz showed people how to build economically and well. He was satisfied with a minimum of profit, and this at a time when the lumber-dealer was a bashi-bazouk and charged all the traffic would bear.

Wentz is now Vice-President of the J. O. Hettle Company, Second Vice-President of the Industrial League, Director of the Board of Trade, Director of the Country Club. In spite of his many interests, he has all the time there is,

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and if you want somebody to hustle for you, call on Wentz.

¶ When you want things done, call on a busy man—the other kind has no time.

Some of the World-Makers

AT Saskatoon you will find a bouquet of nationalities.

I met N. G. Boggs, native of Donegal, Ireland. Boggs was a bank-clerk before he came here, and before that was a clerk at the button-counter in a drygoods-store.

Boggs bought real estate in Saskatoon—simply a lot at a time—and sold whenever he could make twenty-five dollars. His Irish blarney enabled him to do business fast.

¶ He had the prophetic eye, and knew which way the cat was going to jump.

He organized the Saskatchewan Investment and Trust Company, of which he is Vice-President and Managing Director. He is President of the King George Hotel, which is a gold-mine in itself; Director of the Kindersley Land Company; Director of the North Empire Fire Insurance Company; President of the Standard Construction Company, and President of the Standard Auto Supply Company.

¶ Boggs is worth a million easy enough; and he made it all since day before yesterday.

The Mayor of Saskatoon is F. E. Harrison, a native of Ottawa, manager of the Union Bank.

Harrison is the only man I met in Saskatoon who has n't gotten rich on real estate. He buckled down to the banking business, and just takes a little cent per cent on what others are doing, and lets it go at that.

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As far as I can see, Harrison is in no danger of going on half-rations

W. C. Sutherland, Scotch by pedigree, came here from Winnipeg, which he found a little slow. Sutherland is Speaker of the Provincial Legislature.

He took up a farm of one hundred sixty acres as a home-
stead; then bought all the land that adjoined the home-
stead


Sutherland does not focus exclusively on grain. He breeds high-class horses, cattle and sheep. Incidentally he raises poultry and pet stock.

The man in this country who can rise above the temptation to raise wheat and raises livestock instead and feeds the men who raise wheat is a sure winner.

The weak point in Saskatoon just now is the fact that the farmers in Saskatchewan do not raise their own food. Bacon is shipped in here from Chicago and Kansas City by the carload. So far, they have n't had time in Saskatchewan to set hens, much less to raise pigs.

Engen and Sutherland, however, and a few others see the handwriting on the wall. They know that most people eat three times a day, especially in this country where everybody has his appetite with him.

O. M. Helgersen

 NE of the most romantic of all careers of Saskatoon citizens is the record of O. M. Helgersen, who naturally is a Norwegian; and if his first name is n't Ole, it should be.

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Helgerson was born in Iowa, of parents who came from across the sea.

In Iowa he raised poultry, and got money enough to go to the Iowa State Agricultural School at Ames.

Next he went up into Wisconsin and showed the Badgers how to produce milk, selling milk by the quart, getting up before daylight and working a route.

Even if you work a pump, milk is a slow road to fame and fortune. However, it's sure. Helgerson made sixteen hundred dollars in the milk business, and came up to Saskatoon with all of it.

He bought a hundred acres of land at three dollars an acre. But things not looking very auspicious, he went out to the Coast with the rest of his good coin buckled around his cosmos. All of this coin he straightway speedily lost in real-estate speculation.

He soaked his watch for four dollars and rode the bumps back to Saskatoon, where he found that his farm had increased in value. Straightway he sold it for fourteen hundred dollars, thanked God, and was about to start for Iowa, when he discovered that the man who had bought his farm for fourteen hundred dollars had sold ten acres of it for two thousand dollars. This made Helgerson decide to stay in Saskatoon.

Helgerson went into partnership with a Scotchman considerably older than himself, and a very worthy and excellent man, with all of the Scotch virtues, including that of Presbyterianism.

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The firm bought a tract of sixty acres, on a year's time, along the railroad, and started to sell it out at the rate of a thousand dollars a lot, fifty by one hundred twenty.

¶ Business was good. But one day the Scotchman came to Helgerson in tears and told him that his conscience could no longer allow him to continue robbing people.

The Scotchman was sure the land was not worth the money, and under the circumstances, having taken the whole project to the Lord in prayer, he wanted Helgerson to let him drop out of the game.

He was willing to take all the money he had made, but he did n't want to take any more in this iniquitous way.

Helgerson bought the Scotchman out and continued selling the lots.

Time went on, as time does, and after a year, the Scotchman wanted one of those particular lots for business purposes; and when he bought it, he had to lay down twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

Helgerson does n't want all the profit. He has bought lots, sold them for a thousand dollars, and bought them back himself in a year's time for two thousand.

He trades rapidly. When he can make a little clean profit, he lets the dirt go. He is no landhog. He is a sort of intuitional judge of values, and knows which way trade is going to drift.

Helgerson has made five hundred dollars a day for the last two years, in good, clean, straight real-estate deals, where everybody was satisfied, and everybody made money.

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Please remember that in Saskatoon the oldest children born in the town are now just in the kindergarten. Also, please note this, that although in Saskatoon there is an official commissioner in bankruptcy, this man has never yet had a single case brought before him, for the simple reason that nobody in business in Saskatoon has ever failed.

Frank S. Cahill

A FEW weeks ago I saw a story in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* about a traveler in Saskatchewan who met a man on the roadway driving a mule that had one ear, and this mule was hitched up with a cow.

This man was a homesteader, picking out his claim. And the man driving the one-eared mule and cow was Frank S. Cahill—call him the Honorable Frank S. Cahill, Member of the Canadian Parliament, if you wish.

All of Cahill's possessions were then in the moving-wagon.

¶ It was discovered that the cow could be driven alongside of the friendly mule and do her share not only in supplying milk for the Cahill family, but in helping pull the load.

Cahill located his farm, all right; got an opportunity to sell it in a year at double what he paid for it, and invested the money in another farm. This farm was on the townsite of Saskatoon. The farm was divided up into lots, on which Cahill built houses and stores, and rented them, or sold them as fast as he could, wherever a little profit was in sight. Some of the lots he sold, he bought back in six months at double what he got for them.

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Never mind; as long as other people made money, too, Cahill did n't care. Cahill being Irish by pedigree and a good sport by nature agreed to buy back the property at double the price the party paid for it. This was a plunge. Driving around Saskatoon, you will find Cahill's name on quite a number of buildings. When he moved out of an office, he left his sign on the premises. Now he owns dozens of stores, shops without number, various residences, and everything he has is for sale, and every dollar he gets he puts right back into Saskatoon.

Cahill could undoubtedly liquidate at over two million dollars. But Cahill is not liquidating—he is reinvesting, right here.

Other Saskatoon dealers who have evolved from homesteaders are A. L. Haining, B. A. Archibald, R. Hargreaves and T. K. McCallum—all beautifully Scotch.

Charles T. Stacey came from Burton-on-Trent in Merrie England, and has set a pace in everything that pertains to civic pride and municipal well-being.

In Saskatoon you find the Norwegian, the Swede, the Dane, the Scot, with all of the primal virtues of industry, economy, integrity, which go into the making of a man and into the making of a nation—the simple primal virtues—the things for which there are no substitutes.

These are the things—combined with geography and opportunity—that have made Saskatoon the most remarkable city of its size on the North American Continent.

